

### For Tan Shoes.

A SIMPLE method for cleaning tan shoes is to rub with a flannel dipped in turpentine, rubbing off with a clean flannel. This will remove spots and stains—any dried mud should first be washed off with water—and make the shoes look almost like new.

## Earn What You Can; Spend What You Must; Give What You Should



# Magazine Page

### This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the birth in 1561 of the famous Francis Bacon whose essays have made his name one of the foremost in English literature. He was one of the most learned men of the golden age of English letters, and his style is still regarded as a model for clearness, logic and conciseness.

## THE HEARTBREAKER By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

### Milly Has a Tiff With Her Sister, Who Leaves the Field to Her When Arthur Bruce Comes to Call in the Evening.

CHAPTER XXXV.  
(Copyright, 1919, Star Company.)  
OF the peculiarities of a selfish person is that when she has made a loved one acutely uncomfortable she is willing, even eager, to be on friendly terms. And she feels that tender words and blandishments should eradicate all memory of harsh and unkind speeches.

That I guess I'll learn to care for him."  
"Then, if you do not love him, I do not see why you should be jealous of him."  
"Perhaps I'm a naughty little doggie in the manger," Mildred laughed again. "Anyhow, since Arthur's coming tonight, I'll dress up and look nice for him."  
Which she proceeded to do, humming a little tune to herself all the while. Honora changed her own gown and went down to dinner with the dreary certainty that she would spend a lonely evening.

single. Was it possible, she wondered, that Mildred was already different to the recollection of the vulgar love-making she had witnessed on that train twenty-four hours ago? Yet the child had seemed quite overcome by the sight—and now she was as light-hearted as if it had never happened.

## Smart Georgette Waist

This attractive creation is made of ecru georgette with heavy file on collar, sleeve and panel front. One of the latest models and unique for simplicity as well as good taste.



Copyright Western Newspaper Union.

## The Man With the Club-Foot

### Desmond Tells How Clubfoot's Men Stripped Him and Searched His Clothing For Lost Papers.

(Synopsis of Previous Chapters.)  
Desmond Okewood, British army officer, goes to Germany in search of his brother, Francis, a member of the British secret service. He is met by a small frontier town a man named Semlin, a German Government agent, drops dead in his room. Desmond appropriates Semlin's papers and assumes his identity. He rescues Berlin without incident and is conducted into the presence of General Von Boden, an aide of the Kaiser. After a series of cipher messages from his brother, Francis, Desmond meets Clubfoot, who explains that Clubfoot's identity is a mystery to her.

CHAPTER XXVIII.  
I Go On With the Story.  
I was in the billiard-room of the castle, a dusty place, obviously little used, for it smelt of damp. A fire was burning in the grate, however, and on a table in the corner, which was littered with papers, stood a dispatch box.

Clubfoot wore a dinner-coat and, as he laughed, his white expanse of shirt front heaved to the shaking of his deep chest. For a moment, however, I had little thought of him or the ugly-looking Browning he held in his fist. My ears were strained for any sound that might betray Francis' presence in the garden. But all remained silent as the grave.

Clubfoot, still chuckling audibly, walked over to me. I thought he was going to shoot me, he came so straight and so fast, but it was only to get behind me and shot the door, driving me, as he did so, farther into the room.

The door by which he had entered stood open. Without taking his eyes off me or deflecting his weapon from its aim, he called out: "Schmalz!"

A light step resounded, and the one-armed lieutenant tripped into the room. Woe was his when he saw me, for he had just been told that Clubfoot had been shot. He stopped dead, then he softly began to circle round me with a menacing step, murmuring to himself: "So! So!"

"Good evening, Dr. Semlin," he said.

"I will pay you the compliment of saying, my dear Captain Okewood," Clubfoot remarked in that urbane voice of his which always made my blood run cold, "that never before in my career have I devoted so much thought to any single individual, in the different cases I have handled, as I have to you. As an individual, you are a paltry thing; it is rather your remarkable good fortune that interests me as a philosopher of sorts."

"I assure you, my dear Dr. Semlin," I replied, "that I am not a philosopher of sorts. I am a man of letters, and I am serious concern to be the instrument of severing your really extraordinary strain of good luck. I don't mind telling you, as man to man, that I have not yet entirely decided in my mind what to do with you now that I've got you!"

"You've got me, certainly," I replied, "but you would vastly prefer to have what I have not got."

"Let us not forget to be always content with small mercies," answered the other, smiling with a gleam of his golden teeth. "That is a favorite maxim of mine. As you truly remark, 'The jewel to the infinitely less precious and so interesting.' I have, I hold, and I have you, and your accomplices as well."

"I have no accomplices," I denied stoutly.

"Surely you forget our gracious hosts, our most charming countrymen? Was it not they who interested she designed to taken in your safety that I came here? Had it not been for that circumstance, I should scarcely have ventured to intrude upon her widowhood?"

"Her widowhood?" I exclaimed. "Clubfoot smiled again. 'You cannot have followed the

in English. "Say, I'm mighty glad to see you," he said, "and I'm glad to see you, here we are again. What? Herr Julius Zimmermann, 'as freut nich'!"

"I could have killed him where he stood, maimed though he was, for his fluency in the American and English idiom alone."

"Search him, Semlin!" commanded Clubfoot curtly.

Schmalz ran the fingers of his one arm over my pockets, flinging my portfolio on the billiard table toward Clubfoot, and the other arm, my pistol, watch, cigarette case and a flask of brandy.

Clubfoot had snatched up the portfolio and hastily examined it. He shook the contents out on the billiard table and examined them carefully.

"Not there!" he said. "Run him upstairs, and we'll strip him." He ordered, "and let not our clever young friend forget that I'm behind him with my little toy!"

Schmalz gripped me by the collar, spitefully digging his knuckles into my neck, and propelled me out of the room. I was almost in the arms of Monica.

She screamed, and, turning, fled away down the passage. Clubfoot followed her, and I saw him enter the room where she was waiting. He was alone, and I saw him enter the room where she was waiting.

There was a degrading scene in the bedroom to which they dragged me, where the two men stripped me of the skin and pared over every single article of clothing I possessed. Physically and mentally I cowered in my nudity before the two sinister cripples. Of all my experiences in Germany, I still look back upon that as almost my worst ordeal.

Of course, they found nothing, search as they might, and presently they flung my clothes back at me and bade me get dressed again. "For you and I, my dear Dr. Semlin," Clubfoot, with his glinting smile, "have got to have a little talk!"

When I was once more clothed—Schmalz, I saw, was still in the room. Clubfoot, "and send up the sergeant when I ring; he shall look after this tricky Englishman whilst we are at dinner with our charming hosts."

Schmalz went out and left us alone. Clubfoot lighted a cigar. He smoked in silence for a few minutes. I said nothing, for really there was nothing for me to say. They hadn't got their precious document, and it was not likely they would ever recover it now. I feared greatly that Francis in his loyalty might make an attempt to rescue me, but I hoped, however, that he would think first of putting the document in a place of safety. I was more or less resigned to my fate. I was in their hands properly now, and whether they kept the document or not, my doom was sealed.

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newspapers in your . . . retreat, . . . Captain Okewood," he replied, "for surely you would have read the afflicting intelligence that Count Rachwitz, A. D. C. to Field Marshal von Mackensen, was killed by a shell that fell into the brigade headquarters where he was lunching at Predeal."

"Ah, yes," he sighed, "our beautiful Countess is now a widow, alone . . . and unprotected!"

"I understood his allusion and went cold with fear. Why, Monica was involved in this affair as much as I. Surely they wouldn't dare to touch her."

"You would be sensible, Okewood," he said confidentially. "You've lost. You can't save yourself. Your life is forfeit from the moment you crossed the threshold of our Majesty's private apartments . . . but you can save her."

"I shook his huge hand off my leg. 'You won't bluff me,' I answered roughly. 'You dare not! The Countess Rachwitz, an American lady, niece of an American ambassador, married into one of your lead-families! No, Herr Doktor, you must try something else.'"

"Do you know why Semlin is here?" he asked patiently, "and those soldiers?" "You must show that I know you to be sitting in preventive arrest. She would be in gaol (she doesn't know it), but that His Majesty was unwilling to put this affront on the Rachwitz family in their great affliction."

"The Countess Rachwitz has nothing whatever to do with me," I said. "I am a foolish man. I thought to myself too late, as I was in her house."

But Clubfoot remained quite unperturbed. "I shall take you into my confidence, my dear sir," he said, "to show that I know you to be sitting in preventive arrest. She would be in gaol (she doesn't know it), but that His Majesty was unwilling to put this affront on the Rachwitz family in their great affliction."

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## Advice to the Lovelorn

BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:  
I am nineteen and deeply in love with a girl of the same age, who I think loves me. For us to become engaged would be necessary to ask her parents' consent. Shall I ask her before I ask them, or after? Would it be proper for either of us to go to parties without the other?

but have corresponded with. My mother says that I should stick to this one, as she is the better of the two, just because he is religious. The first one is jolly and outspoken, but a little rough, and my mother does not care for him. Can you help me? M. W.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:  
I have two soldier friends, one whom I have gone out with and like very much, the other whom I have just cared for as a friend. The second one I have not seen for a long time,

Some Avenue!  
A wife was entertaining her friends with an account of her only matrimonial quarrel.

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## For Southern Wear

By Rita Stuyvesant.

THIS is the season when Southern resorts are being filled with weary war workers who have faithfully done their bit and are earning a just vacation. The woman with limited income or at strenuous business will often find a short rest a real benefit, for she can renew her lost energy.

To make the most of a Southern trip, one should have suitable clothes, because the fur-trimmed suit worn in New York will not do where the violets and poinsettias are now blooming.

The "gingham gown" still promises to hold its own for another season, but this time we see it in fashionable checked silk. A fetching frock that could easily be copied was of corn color and white check silk gingham trimmed with folds of grass green satin arranged in the newest "lattice" work.

The skirt was cut rather brief about the ankles, and the instep length showed to what depth our skirts are descending. To conserve material, the section above the knee was made of white muslin. Over the foundation skirt a long, bordered with the "lattice" work. Green satin bands about a half inch wide were arranged in five rows, crossed by the other bands to simulate the lattice work effect.

Very demure was the bodice of this quaint frock that reflected fashion's latest edicts. A deep round neck was collar with a bit of green satin. Especially designed for warm days were the loose bell sleeves falling midway below the elbow and finished with a double row of the lattice work. The trimming was repeated on the front of the blouse, and as an added attraction there was a soft wash of the silk tied in a dainty bow at the back. Worn with a large black hat, what could be more charming than this unusual costume?

There are any number of striking color schemes that one could choose to develop this model. For instance, the girl with the blonde hair can use her own coloring for a becoming frock. Blue and white check silk gingham trimmed with lattice work of pale yellow satin makes a distinctive dress for all hours of the day at Southern resorts.

### The Busy Beaver.

The beaver will grind up almost any kind of wood that comes his way. A white birch tree, twenty-two inches through, has been cut

down by a beaver. A single beaver generally, if not always, amputates the tree, and when it comes down the whole family fall to and have a frolic with the bark and branches. A big beaver will bring down a fair-sized sapling, say, three inches through, in about two minutes, and a large tree in about an hour.

The beaver is a very slow swimmer. His front legs hang by his side, and he uses only his webbed hind feet for purposes of swimming. It is easy to capture one in a canoe if you can find him in shallow water. He is a most determined fighter, but clumsy and easy to handle. If he could get hold of you with his teeth he would almost take a leg off, so you need to watch him sharply. The way to seize him is by the tail.

The ability of a beaver to remain under water for a long time is really not so strange a problem as it looks. When a lake or pond is frozen over a beaver will come to the under surface of the ice and expel breath, so that it forms a wide flat bubble. The air coming in contact with the ice and water is purified, and the beaver breathes it again. This operation he can repeat several times. The otter and muskrat do the same thing.

### A Mountain of Silver.

Cerro de Potosi, the great conical mountain that is responsible for the existence of the city of Potosi, Bolivia is practically a solid mass of silver and tin ore, ranging in richness from a point where it is valueless to ore giving 50 and 60 per cent of silver and tin. The mines have been worked for 350 years. Water power for the mines is obtained from numerous reservoirs built at various times between 1545 and the close of the seventeenth century. So thoroughly were they built by the early Spanish engineers that they have never broken.

### A Knotty Problem.

Here is a queer cause for a law action. A man who was insane determined to throw himself out of the window of an asylum. He made several attempts and was prevented by the servants. Put in a new apartment, he tried again, jumped out of the window, fell on the lawn and injured himself seriously, but, strange to say, the shock cured his mental disorder. At once he sued the officers of the asylum for negligence. The plaintiff was nonsuited.

## Puss in Boots Jr.

By David Cory.

YOU remember in the last story how the Good Gray Horse was won by Puss Junior just as the wicked wolf was sent to jail through the trees. Well, as soon as Puss had drawn his sword he said to his former steed, "Ah, you have done me a good turn, my friend, and I will reward you. You shall have a good dinner, but he dares not come near for fear I will thrust my sword through him!"

This was the case, for the wolf kept at a distance and made no move to come nearer them. "Well, my dear little master," cried the Good Gray Horse, "if you will get upon my back I will carry you wherever you wish to go."

So Puss Junior jumped on his back and rode off, but the wicked wolf did not follow, for he was afraid. After some distance the Good Gray Horse halted before a castle. Puss Junior, on his Good Gray Horse, rode proudly with his trusty sword grasped in his right paw.

Then several men in waiting came forward and led his steed to the castle. Puss Junior, on his Good Gray Horse, rode proudly with his trusty sword grasped in his right paw.

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## HINTS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD

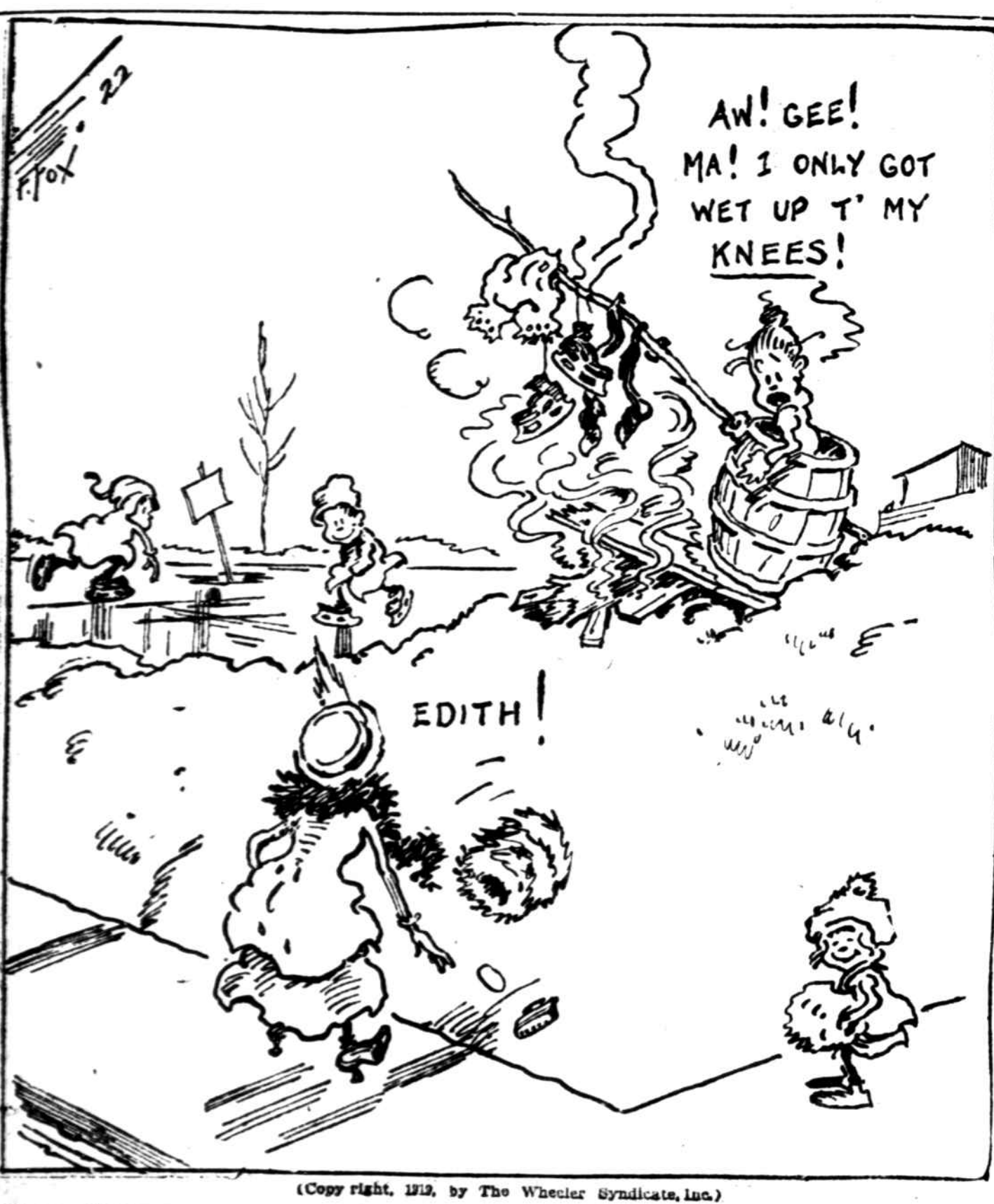
For cleaning old jewelry make a lather of warm soapsuds and add to it half a teaspoonful of sal volatile, and brush the jewelry in this, afterward polishing with an old silk handkerchief or piece of wash leather.

To clean black cloth and yet preserve or restore the color, sponge with logwood and ammonia. Infuse the logwood chips in a jar of boiling water placed in a pan, strain, and use cold, adding a teaspoonful of ammonia to half a pint of logwood.

Instead of finely chopping suet intended for a boiled or steamed pudding, try the plan of first shredding it in large thin flakes, afterward mixing the same with the flour, finally rolling lightly with the rolling pin before adding any moisture.

## Tomboy Taylor Thought It a Great Waste of Time To Go All the Way Home To Dry Out Her Clothes.

By FOUNTAINE FOX.



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